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celebrated Dr. Sydenham had a patient, whom he had long prescribed for, on account of one of these complaints. But his prescriptions were inefficient; and, at last, Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted—that he could not pretend to advise him any farther: “but,” said he, “there is a Dr. Robinson, who lives at Inverness, who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind than I am; you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better.” The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road; but travelling was a very different undertaking then, from what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling one. He arrived, however, at the place of destination; but no Dr. Robinson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in the town. This, of course, enraged the gentleman very much; and he took the road back to London, raging, and vowing vengeance on the doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on the latter, and abused him for sending him a journey of so many miles, for nothing. When his fury was a little abated—“Well, now,” said Sydenham, “after all, is your health any better?”—“Better!” said he; “Yes, Sir, it is better. I am, Sir, as well as I ever was in my life; but no thanks to *you* for that.”—“Well,” said Sydenham, “you have still reason to thank Dr. Robinson. I wanted to send you a journey, *with an object in view*. I knew it would do you good: in going, you had Dr. Robinson in contemplation; and, in returning, you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me.”

Now, I consider this anecdote so good a commentary on the few hints I have given respecting air and exercise, that with it I shall quit the subject, and the present paper.

\* \* \*

## THE MEETING AND PARTING.

BY THOMAS K. HERVEY.

### I.

WHEN in yon fading sky  
Summer light closes,  
And the lone spirit's sigh  
Steals o'er the roses,—  
When in the waters still  
Twilight is sleeping,  
And on the purple hill  
Night dews are weeping,—  
Where o'er the slumbering lake  
Droops the fond willow,  
While the breeze cannot wake  
Even a willow,—  
When there is silence in each leafy bower,  
There be our meeting—alone—in that hour!

### II.

Oh! let no cold eye  
Of others be o'er us!  
Stillness be spread on high,  
Beauty before us!  
Then down thy lovely cheek  
Silently stealing,  
Should a warm tear speak,  
The fulness of feeling,  
Fondly I'll chide, sweet!  
That symbol of sadness;—  
Surely when lovers meet,  
All should be gladness!  
Stay till along the sky daylight is darting,  
Then will we weep—'tis our moment of parting!